SECOND SERIES.—No 4.

THE

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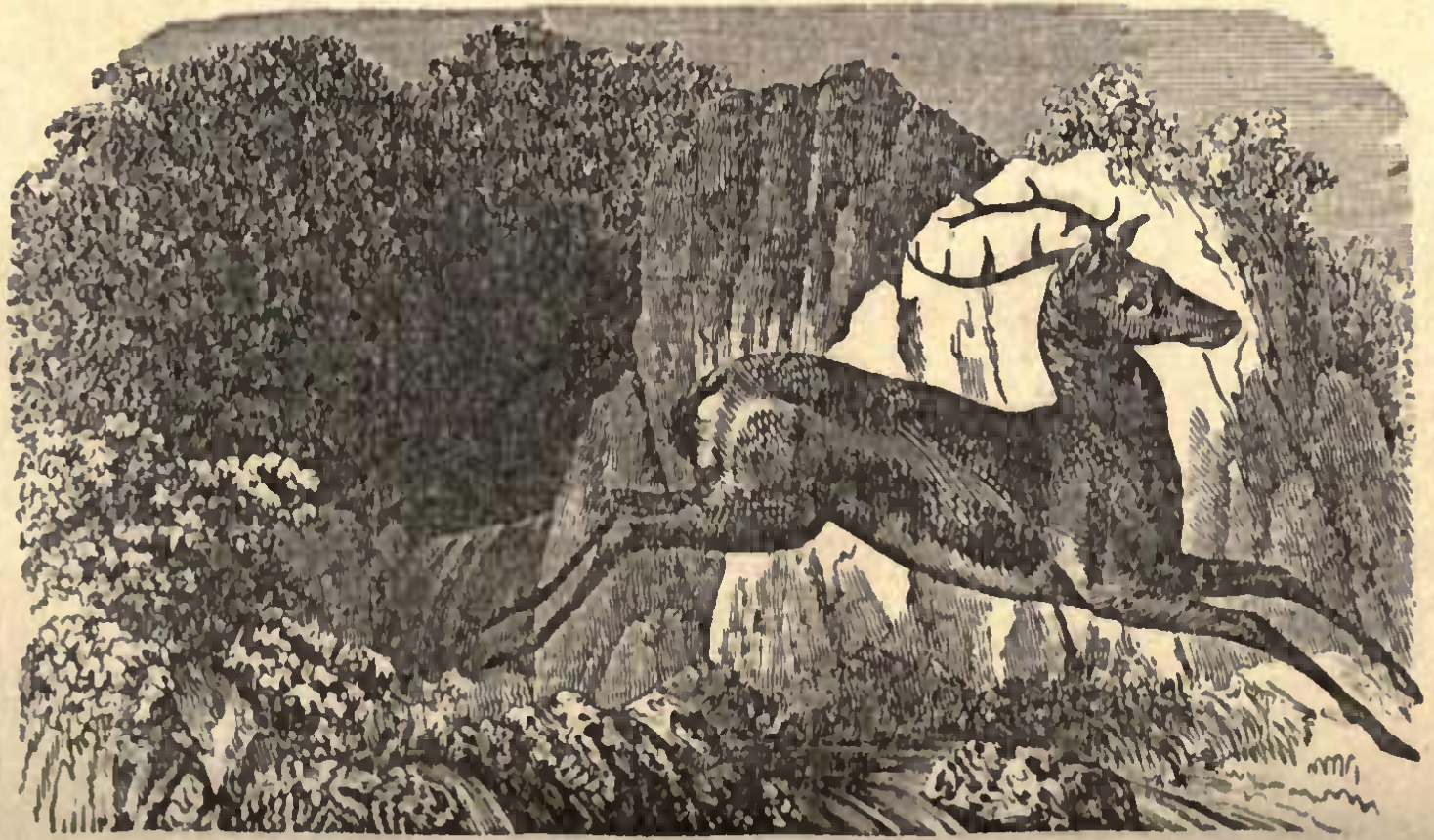


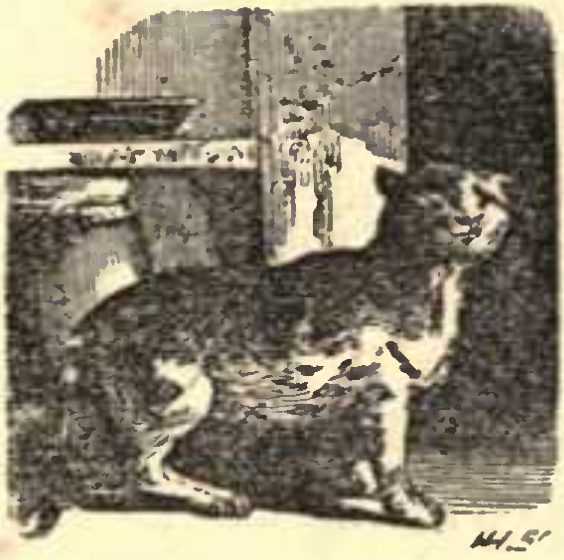
THE

STORY-BOOK.

THE STAG-HUNT.

"Did you ever see any deer?"—"No, did you!"—"Yes, I have a cousin who keeps a great number of them; he has a nice large park for them to live in, where they are quite happy. I like to see them there, but I should not like to see one hunted."—"What! do they ever hunt the stag?"—"Oh! yes, poor thing, and it runs as long as it has any strength, and when it can run

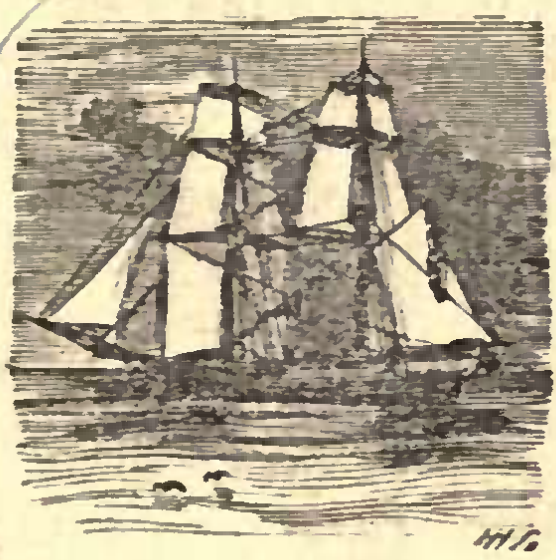
no longer, its heart breaks, and it falls down and dies. I wonder how men can be so cruel."—"But are there any men so cruel as to hunt the stag?"—"Yes, what did you suppose them to be?"—"Why, dogs, or something of that kind, that have no more sense. I could not for a moment have thought that men would be so wicked: what motive can they have for so doing."—"My dear boy, they think they find pleasure in the chase."—"Pleasure! then, indeed, they do only think so, for I am sure there can be no real pleasure in being cruel. Oh! when will that happy time come, when men will be cruel no more, but will all walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ."



THE CAT.

"Puss went under the grate to-night."—"Did she: what that great cat? I thought only kittens went under grates."—"And so did I; but, however, she went."—"I wonder what for?"—"Perhaps to look for a cricket."—"Have you crickets?"—"Yes; I often hear them chirping as I sit by

the fire at night. Ours is a funny cat; she sometimes goes up the chimney."—"What, when there is a fire in the grate?"—"O no; the chimney in the back chamber. I have heard it said that cats do not love any one, but I am sure our cat does; for whenever I let her come into my lap, she rubs her head about, and stretches out her claws, and purrs as loudly as she can. I sometimes try to hear what she says, but I can make nothing of it; but it matters not what she says, I know she is happy and that is enough."



THE LITTLE SHIP.

FATHER has made me a little ship, and I am going to let it sail in this little pond. Now let us fancy this water to be the north Pacific ocean, and those pieces of cork on that side to be the Friendly islands, and this little man in the ship to be Captain Cook going to find them.

"Do you know where Captain Cook was born?"

"He was born at Marton, a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England."

THE BEGGAR.

"MAMMA, I gave a penny to a poor man this morning. Was I a good boy for so doing?"—"It depends upon the motive you had in view. Did you give it to him because you thought I should call you a good boy?"—"Because I thought you would call me a good boy, mamma."—"I am sorry to hear it, my dear; tell me just what you thought when you gave the penny to the man."—"Well,

W. HOWLAND

mamma, he was sitting by the road-side, and when I passed him, he held out his hat, and begged for a trifle to get him something to eat. So I just thought of a penny I had in my pocket, and I said to myself, 'Now if I give this penny, mamma will call me a good boy, and then I shall be glad:' and so I gave it to him."—"Now, my dear, this is what you should have said: 'This old man is very poor, and I have a penny to spare that will do him good, and he shall have it.'"—"Ah! mamma, I wish I had thought of that, but I am sure I did not intend to do wrong. You know, mamma, I love you so dearly, that I strive to please you in all things."—

"Yes, my dear, I know you love me, and I believe you did not intend to do wrong; but, my dear child, we are so apt to do things that we may be praised of men, instead of doing all things to the glory of God. Do you know, my love, that our Lord said in his sermon on the mount, 'Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them! otherwise ye have no reward of your Father, which is in heaven!' You will try to think of this, will you, love?"—"Oh! dearest mamma, I am sure I will, and I hope that God

'Will grant me pardon for the past.
And strength for time to come.'"

THE ROBIN.

"The north winds do blow,
And we shall have snow,
What will poor Robin do till spring,
Poor thing, poor thing!
He will go to the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing,
Poor thing, poor thing."

THUS sang little Emily, as she sat one bleak morning look-

ing out from her mamma's window, watching the faded leaves dance along before the wind. Do you not know how she felt as she sat that morning, in a snug parlor, with her high-backed chair placed close against the window, listening to the whistling of the winds, and looking now and then, toward the cold dark sky? I am sure I know just how she felt, as she sang those simple words about the robin, for I have often felt in the same manner myself. Emily was a tender-hearted child, and she loved the robin red-breast very dearly: indeed there was not anything which she did not love; for she often said to her mamma, "Everything belongs

to God; therefore I ought to love everything." And so I believe she did. On that morning after she had been singing her little song, she said, "Dear mamma, I wish I could find all the robin red-breasts in the country, that I might keep them in my chamber through the wintry season, until the bright spring days return. Then, mamma, I would throw open the windows, and watch the happy little creatures spread their wings, and go out into the bright world again?" Was not Emily a kind little girl?

THE WHITE RABBIT

Oh! Susan, I have got such a darling white rabbit as I think you never saw. I do believe it is the sweetest little rabbit in the world; for I have only had it given to me this morning, and yet it will eat clover from my hand, and let me stroke it, or do anything I please; and the gardener says that he will make a house for

it, which his son Thomas will paint. Papa says, that I am to call my rabbit Snowdrop; and mamma says, that its eyes are like rubies; and so do come and look at it, Susan, and you will say as I do, that it is the sweetest little rabbit in the world.

LITTLE MARY.

Little Mary was good,
The weather was fair;
She went with her mother,
To taste the fresh air.

The birds were singing,
Mary chatted away;
And she felt as merry,
And as happy, as they.

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